

1965

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 7

Wednesday, April 7, began at the Carlyle in New York. A little past ten Bess and I went with Mr. Fosberg to see the Frick Museum where the lighting system made dark pictures come alive. Mr. Fosberg wants to do some of the same in the White House. Viewing it convinced me that I would like very much to do the best ones and we made arrangements to get plans and estimates from the best lighting people. Then we went to the Fosberg residence, itself a small museum, for coffee and a little visit. Unhappily he doesn't think much of the ^{Chandor}~~Shandor~~ portraits of President and Mrs. Roosevelt. And then I spent several hours shopping, tedious but necessary, in the hotel room, at Delman's and Adolpho's and Lord and Taylor's and was at the airport headed back for Washington on the 5:30 plane. But we had trouble. It took us forever getting in. We rode in pea soup and uncertainty. Finally we landed at National and were at the White House at 7:20 just moments before we had to leave for the big event of the day--Lyndon's speech in Baltimore at Johns Hopkins University. ^{an}~~An~~ important nationally televised speech, one of his major efforts to explain Vietnam to the United States, to the people he works for, and hopefully to more of the world. I rode over in the car with Hubert and Muriel. We talked about the possibility of the Senate Ladies building a fire under whomever necessary and getting some planting done on the grounds of the Capitol and putting tables and chairs and umbrellas out on the beautiful terrace so light refreshments could be served there. They

Wednesday, April 7 (Continued)

are the gayest people I know, young at heart. Lynda and Luci were with us too, in another car loaded with school books, studying going back and forwards.

The speech was at 9:00 and we filed into the auditorium just in time. It was a very impressive speech. I was proud. There was a simple statement. "We will not be defeated. We will not grow tired. We will not withdraw, either openly or under the cloak of a meaningless agreement." And then after a thorough exposition of our strength and determination, there was the other side of the coin--what peace could mean. As a cynic might say, the carrot held out instead of the stick. He talked about the vast ^{Mekong} ~~Mekong~~ River project which can provide food and water and power on a scale to ^{surpass} ~~surpass~~ dwarf our own TVA. He said, "for our own part, I will ask Congress to join in a billion dollar American investment in this effort when it is under way." He called on the efforts of the UN to help and for all industrialized countries, including the Soviet Union, to join in this effort to replace despair with hope and terror with progress. And toward the end there came something which is almost a signature to his speeches lately--a reference to his own life.

"In the countryside where I was born, I have seen the night illuminated, the kitchens warmed, and the homes heated where once the cheerless night and the ceaseless cold held sway and all this happened because electricity came to our town, along with the humming wires of the Rural Electrification Administration." And he closed with, "we can

Wednesday, April 7 (Continued)

do all these things on a scale never dreamed of before." It was a beautifully written speech and a very well delivered speech. I had the high thrilling feeling that we have taken the initiative. We are beginning to really explain to the world about Vietnam, about what we can do, about the promise of this ^{epoch} ~~era~~ in history--that we were on the move against the negation of war and communism. It was exciting. I felt like stalemate had had a firecracker put under it. I felt I had seen the fruits of Tex Goldschmidt's work, of many nights of Lyndon's work and some excellent writing.